vo. 300.

TERMS.

Two dollars per annum, payable in advance.
Advertisements not exceeding ten lines inserted
rec times for one dollar; every subsequent inser-All communications to the Era, whether on business of the paper or for publication, should be adness of the paper of Bailey, Washington, D. C.

BUELL & BLANCHARD, PRINTERS, Sixth Street, a few doors south of Penn. Avenue

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era. MOLLY GRAHAM:

OR, HOW JOHNNY WON HIS FIDDLE

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

ICONCLUDED.]

BY MARTHA RUSSELL. CHAPTER IV.

The moon had sunk behind the Umpowoag sills, and the bustle and confusion of the camp well nigh subsided into silence, when it wa announced to General Putnam that an old man and a young girl desired to speak with him. He immediately gave the order for their admittance; and, in spite of her assumed courage and the close pressure of her grandfather's hand, Molly Graham felt her limbs tremble beneath her, when they stood alone in the presence of the redoubted chieftain.

The old man, after bowing his gray head in token of respect, stood erect as the General him-self, but the maiden courtesied without daring to raise her eyes. Putnam gazed at them noment in silence, and then, in the deep, brief tones that bespoke the man of action, asked-Your business, friends. In what can I aid

Molly looked up, and gathered courage, for there was something in that weather-beaten, but honest, open face, that made each one that gazed upon it feel the truth of General Washigton's words, when he said to Putnam, "Sir. you seem to have the faculty of infusing your own spirit into your troops." Relinquishing her grandfather's hand, she stepped forward, and briefly but succinctly related her tale. When she spoke of young Stanforth's halt at the house of Glover, a frown gathered on the officer's brow, which grew dark as the night without, as she went on to detail the plot of the traitors, but without mentioning their names frattors, but without mentioning their names; for she had been determined from the first not implicate Bill Glover, if possible, for his family s sake. But suddenly the General interrupts her with, in his deep, stern tones—
"Who are these men? Their names, girl!"
She hesitated; and he impatiently repeated,

as he strode across the floor-Their names, I say! Of course, you know

them! Why don't you tell?" I dare not," was the low but firm reply. "Ha! How now!" exclaimed the chieftain pausing abruptly before her, and gazing in her And may I ask why you can't tell?

to keep back the tears, "one of them, who is but the dupe of the other, has been kind to her hand, said, while the tears filled his eyes them, it must come through some other hands told the truth. Come, gran'ther, let us go home, she added, taking the old man's hand.

and turning away.

Stay! "exclaimed the General. "It is no great matter; we shall get at the bottom of this affair, somehow; so you may keep your secret. I won't even ask your grandfather to betray it," he added, smiling. "Tell Whiting to request Colonels Hazen and Sheldon to come to my quarters," he said, to the sentinel at the Then, turning to Molly, he added-

"You are a good girl, and I wish half our troops had your pluck—a good girl, and a brave one, and, I suppose, an old man like me may be permitted to add, a pretty one, too. The British wonder how we hold out so well, my old friend," he said, turning to Andie Graham; "but, did they know our women, they would not ask again."

True, returned the old man, with simple dignity; "it is wonderful to see how the hand of the feeble are strengthened, and the courage of the strong man found in the hearts of little children. But hath He not said, 'As thy day is, so shall be thy strength!"

Colonels Sheldon and Hazen soon entered General, and a few more questions addressed to them by the two first-named officers, Andie

Graham and his grand-daughter.

Andie Graham hastened to decline the prof-

fered escort and, accompanied by Sheldon, whose deep interest in the fate of his favorite young officer led him to prosecute his inquiries still further left the room. At the gate, they found Harry Lawton awaiting them, with the bridle of his horse thrown over his arm. The young trooper belonged to the company to whom orders had just been despatched to hold themselves in readiness to mount; and Sheldon's brow darkened as he recognised him; and his stern, "How now, Lawton!" made the

he had permission from his captain to ride on in advance of his troop, in order to escort his old neighbors home; and that he was to wait

with the strict disciplinarian, had it not been for a glance the latter caught of Molly's face, as the light from Putnam's windows fell broad pon it. Sheldon possessed the key to that expression in his own experience, and the frown gave place to a smile, as he said—

Well, well, for once in the way, it may do.

But see that you do not linger," he added, de-

it's just that that troubles me, Harry. You are naturally so hasty and venturesome—so careless of yourself; and I, by my silly words, have made you worse. Oh, if anything should happen to you.

The National Era is Published Weekly, on shall reach the camp by sunrise, when I will ask leave to some ask leave to some ask the first to laugh at your fears. You are tired and worn out now. A good night's rest will make another girl of you," replied the young man, gaily.
"I hope so, Harry. But, sometimes, my

courage is every bit gone. General Putnam would not call me brave now. See, how I tremble; and my hands are cold as ice." But your lips are warm as your heart, and that never was cold or unkind to any liwing

thing, yet," returned the young lover, kissing her again and again, ere he sprung upon his horse, and then, with her "Remember, Harry!" ringing in his ears, dashed down the street.

Notwithstanding the fatigues of the previous night, Molly Graham was up with the sun the next morning. The dark forebodings that so sadly shadowed her parting from her love had mingled with her dreams during the night, and she rose weak and disquieted, longing for the hour to come when the sound of his voice

should again assure ner of his saiety.

She was not alone in her anxiety. The events of the preceding night had sadly disturbed the usual quiet current of life in Andie Graham's dwelling, and even his calm face looked excited; and, instead of going to his labor as usual, he walked the room, or out to the front gate, where young Andie sat perched on a post that commanded a view of the road on a post that commanded a view of the road to the south. The grandmother pattered about among the pans and pails in the kitchen, as usual; but, somehow, things in her department did not go on with their accustomed regularity; for the pewter plates, which she set down against the andirons to dry, went trundling into the ashes; and in her haste to save them, the good dame dropped her bunch of wet scouring grass into a pan of milk. Well she might

the good dame dropped her bunch of wet scouring-grass into a pan of milk. Well she might wonder "what the posset had got into her."
"I see nothing of them," said the old man, coming in from the front yard. "They must have passed the Bend before we were up. If Harry gets leave to come over, as he said, he will be most likely to go to his father's first. I

guess I'll go across to the 'Squire's, and see what news they may have got." Even as he spoke, the figure of some one passing darkened the kitchen window; and instantly recognising young Stanforth, Molly sprang forth with a cry of joy to meet him. and—not her lover, as she fondly thought, but his gray-haired father. One glance at their sorrowful faces, and that cry of joy was turned into a groan; and, trembling with terror, the poor girl caught at a chair for support; while her grandfather came forward to meet them.

saying—
"You bring us bad news, I fear, my friends But He will not try us beyond our strength. Speak on.

'Squire Lawton advanced, and taking Molly's hand in his, tried to speak. Every line and wrinkle in his weather-beaten face was quivering with grief, and, unable to command his voice, he as suddenly dropped it, and turned away to the window with a deep groan.
"He is dead! Oh, he is dead! Harry Law

ton is dead! God have mercy on me! cried he added, with a blending of sarcasm and sus- the girl, clinging to her old grandfather in perion in his tone, after a moment's pause.

"Because—because," she began, struggling all the while! I have killed him!"

> This is, indeed, a bitter reward for you died in prison than brought all this sorrow

upon you!"
"Then the lad is indeed gone?" Andie Graham, sadly.
"Either dead or a prisoner, and we fear the

first," returned the young officer. "After the skirmish, which was a bloody one, when the signal of recall was sounded to call off the pursuers, young Lawton's horse, with an empty saddle drenched in blood, came tearing into the ranks. Diligent search was made for the body, but in vain. So there is a hope, at least, that he lives."

that he lives."
But whatever hope there was in this circumstance, it was lost on Molly; for he had not ceased speaking, when her overtasked nerves gave way, and she sank fainting to the floor. gave way, and she sank fainting to the floor. The young officer raised her in his arms, and laying her on the bed, which, as was customary in those days, occupied one corner of the large room, with the readiness and tenderness of a woman, assisted the terrified grandmother and the sobbing Andie in recalling her to life. At length, their efforts were crowned with successions of the proceedings and the sobbing and the terrified grandmother and the sobbing and the terrified grandmother are considered by the process of the proces

cess. The poor girl opened her eyes; but the moment they rested on the young man's uniform, she closed magain, with a deep groan; and the heavy-hearted officer resigned her to the hands of her friends, while he turned

to them by the two first-named officers, Andie Graham and his grand-daughter were free to depart.

As they were turning away, Putnam, ever quick and impetuous in all his movements and feelings, stepped forward, and laying his hand on Molly's head, said, fervently—

God bless you, my daughter. You have done a good deed to-night, and the memory of it will be a far better reward than praise of bless you, my daughter. You have good deed to-night, and the memory of be a far better reward than praise of ly wounded in his shoulder. Hastily binding man. Yet, remember, General Putnam thanks you from his heart; and, by God's help, your efforts to save these brave men shall not be in vain. Ho, there, Whiting! An escort for this old man and maiden!

We were passing at a rapid pace," continued the young man, "through a hollow, about four miles below the scene of our capture, when we exught sight of our advance party, rising the brow of a hill; while at the same moment the sound of a body of horse, coming at full exceed in our advance. full speed in our rear, came sweeping down on the wind. There was one moment's halt, and then orders were given to push on in silence. cleared the distance between us and the brow of the hill, just in time to see our advance party attacked by a body of men who sprung, as it seemed, from a narrow path or sheep-track that led into the woods on the right. "It was too dark to distinguish faces or uni-

they gave as they charged, told me at once that it was a party of my own brave troop. Their shout was answered from our rear; and know-ing that retreat was cut off, young Lansing and his men fought like heroes. Their numbers were about equal, and for a few moments the strife was horse to horse, and hand to hand. From the first, the dragoons at my side had "Well, well, for once in the way, it may do. But see that you do not linger," he added, decidedly.

He did not linger—even though Andrew Graham hurried through the little yard, intercepting the young brother as he bounded out to meet them, and took him back to his grandmother's side—at least, only for a moment, just to listen to a few such sweet chidings as these:

"Do be more careful, Harry! You are so thoughtless, so venturesome. For your mother's sike—for mine! If this news of mine should bring evil upon you, I should die!"

And the warm tears, so long repressed, fell freely on the young trooper's hand.

"Why, Molly, who would have thought of your turning coward, at last—you, whom General Putnam himself has called brave this very light—brave and good, as you are; you, who fellow, before! If you hadn't acted so bravely to-night, I should think you had caught some of the cowardice of the Tories down in Glover's region," said the young trooper, as he drew her close to his side.

"It's just that that troubles me, Harry. You are naturally so hasty and venturesome—so careful, so hasty side so hasty and venturesome—so careful, so hasty and venturesome—so careful, so hasty side so hast had orders to guard me, at the peril of their

why, what will happen, more than has a quick ride, a few moments' sharp fighting; and, with Stanforth and his bride—for I'm determined to have her, too—in our midst, we for the first horseman, missing young Lawton, for whom it was intended, struck my horse in the breast, and he fell dead. Extricating myself as quick as possible, I ran forward, just as Harry returned the compliment by a well-aimed shot at the horse of the foe. It took effect; and before the man could be a superior of the foe.

saying, gaily, 'There, sir, take her; she is truly, as father would say, the spoil of my bow and spear. I promised myself and another that I would give her to you to-night, and I have kept my word. But, mount, sir, mount! he added, running forward and catching the horse of my dead guard, that was grazing quietly by the

"It was only then," continued the young officer, with deep emotion, "that I compre-hended who it was that I held in my arms— that it was my betrothed wife, from whom the will of Mr. Andrews had so long separated me. I tried to speak—to thank him—but he cut me short by saying, as he helped me into the saddle, and placed the lady in my arms, Don't stay to talk now; this path will lead you out on to the main road, a mile or two above here. Then, ride on, sir, in Heaven's name, for-hark! the rascals have fought their way through, and are flying down the road. I have a score or two to settle with some of them yet!' and, springing into his saddle, he sped back to join in the pursuit of the enemy, who, as he said, were in full retreat down the

while the young man added, after a pause—
"I cannot give him up! He was a favorite
with the whole troop, and a better, braver
soldier could not be found in the ranks!" "That is true, though I had said it myself."

said Squire Lawton, striving to compose his feelings, as he seated himself near where the sobbing maiden lay; "nor a better son. was over-hasty; and Heaven knows, I have often looked for this. He was all we had, and God alone knows how dear we held him; yet had I a dozen sons," he added, with a bitter compression of the lips, "the country should

"Oh, no, no!" sobbed Aunt Sara, "think of your wife, 'Squire! of the poor heart-broken mother!" "I do, Heaven knows I do, neighbor Gra-

ham; but better to die like my brave boy, then live a slave!" "And it was only last night, only last night,

ne promised me to be careful, not to run into langer," cried Molly, raising herself up, and gazing piteously in 'Squire Lawton's face." Oh, little did I think, as I rode along last night, that I was bringing him to his death. I thought he would praise me, and now-Oh, Harry! Harry! why didn't I die with you?" Young Stanforth turned aside to conceal his tears, while Andie Graham, with a voice in which reproof vainly struggled with pity, strove o recall the maiden to a sense of submission to God.

"Molly, Molly, child!" he said, "this is wrong—selfish—sinful! Where is the faith on which you have been taught to rely in the day of adversity and trouble? Let not the potsherd strive against its Maker. Look up, my child! and remember that it is in mercy that He chasteneth the children of men. Rebel not against your only refuge!"
"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," began the maiden, but grief was as

n the pillows, she sobbed bitterly-"Oh, in the pillows, she sobbed bitterly—"Oh, I cannot, gran'ther, I cannot say it! You do not, cannot know how much he was to me!"
"We did know it, Molly," said 'Squire Lawton, pressing her hand in his broad palm: "little as you thought it, we did know it. And we knew, too, how much he thought of you, and we were proud—his mother and I—proud and happy to look forward to the time when we should call you daughter, and our lonely old house be maile bright by the presence of our children. Many's the time that Eunice

our children. Many's the time that Eunice and I have talked it all over; and now-it's dreadful thing to be left childless at a blow neighbors," he added, as he brushed aside the fast scalding tears with the back of his braw-"It is, neighbor," said old Andie Grahan with genuine sympathy; "but, as our young friend says, "there is room for hope, still."

'Squire Lawton shook his head, as he re plied—"Few that see the inside of their prisons come out alive, neighbor."

"But he shall!" cried the young officer, earestly." "I will find him if he is alive, and take no rest, night nor day, until I give him back to your arms, even if I have to ransom him with my own liberty. This is the least l can do," he went on, turning to Molly. "to-wards discharging the heavy debt that I and

another owe to your generous kindness."
"I need not say how den hat other is one," he added, in a low tone; but she longs me," he added, in a low tone; but she longs to see you, to thank you herself, and to sympa-thize with you in this great sorrow. Oh! be-lieve me, we both feel that life itself is dearly

lieve me, we both feel that life itself is dearly purchased at a ransom this!"

"I do," she replied, more calmly. "He was always talking about you—telling how good and brave you were; and that was one thing that made me so anxious to get flews to the camp. I thought he would blame me if I did not. Bendes," she added, with a deep sigh, while the great tears fell over her cleeks, "we knew about your and Miss Annie's affairs, and often wished we could do something to help. often wished we could do something to help It was little we thought how it would

Feeling that grief like hers must have its natural course, and that she would be better left to the care of her friends, young Stanforth and 'Squire Lawton rose to leave, but not until Molly had ascertained that Bill Glover had taken no part in the skirmish, though strongly suspected of having a hand in the plot. It was with some difficulty, and only by pleading the active services of little Johnny, that the grief-stricken girl drew from the young officer a intil he had further proof.

Young Stanforth nobly redeemed his prom ise. He spared no exertions nor expense in his efforts to find out the place of Harry Lawton's imprisonment, if alive: and General Put-nam, who had by no means forgotten the young girl's visit to the camp, entered warmly into the affair, and afforded him every facility in his power. But it was all in vain: Sir Henry Clinton and General Tryon both denied all knowledge of such a prisoner; and hope

The young officer and his betrothed were much at Andie Graham's. They were the last persons who had seen and spoken with her lover; for them he had perilled his life; and the poor girl took a kind of mournful pleasure

in listening to their voices as they dwelt on his bravery and virtues.

Poor child! she had struggled hard to be submissively to a stroke, which the rigid tensin which she had been trained taught her to view as a sore but kindly chastisement from Heaven; but there came hours when the human within her rose against this thought, and

man within her rose against this thought, and made the struggle exceedingly bitter.

One thing seemed to give her pleasure. When young Stanforth, true to his promise, sent a messenger to Bill Glover's, with a fiddle for Johnny, the man returned, saying that he found the house deserted, and no one knew whither the family had gone. She felt that she was clear of their ruin, at least.

The Lieutenest and Miss Atwater had de-The Lieutenant and Miss Atwater

The Lieutenant and Miss Atwater had de-layed their marriage many weeks, out of deli-cacy toward her, and would have continued to do so, but she begged them to defer it no longer, and herself appointed the day.

One cold wintry night, it might have been a week or so previous to the day named for the Lieutenant's nuptials, Andie Graham's family sat later than usual around the blazing fire.
The group was the same that were gathered there a few months before, and yet the most calm observer would have felt that the painful but purifying touch of sorrow had been upon them. The old man read, whispering the words to himself, from a volume of sermons;

disengage himself from the struggling beast, a Andie nodded in the corner, and drew back to the interests of agriculture and the mechanblow from the butt of the young trooper's pistol his bare feet uneasily, as the falling embers ic arts increased energies and greatly-multi-had silenced him; and when I reached the came too near; Aunt Sara knit, as usual, but plied facilities. Roots, seeds, scions, plants, spot, he was supporting the fainting form of a woman, whom he instantly placed in my arms, face, who sat gazing dreamily into the fire. Suddenly they all started, and the maiden became pale as death, at the sound of some one singing in the fields back of the house.

Some rattle-headed lads on their way to the camp," said the old man, as he closed his book. But the voice came nearer and nearer, until, clear and soft as a flute, it rose beneath their windows, singing the chorus of an old Jacobite song, that Andie Graham's own grandmother had learned amid the glens of Scot-

Then gather, then gather, To see him again, To see him again, While every one swells the loud huzza He's coming again,

They all sprang to their feet; but before Molly could reach the door, it was flung open, and the figure of little Johnny Glover appeared. and the ngure of little Johnny Glover appeared, paler, more shrunken and distorted than ever. But the girl heeded him not: for behind him came another person, and wish a loud cry she sprang forward, and was clasped in the arms that were extended to receive her.

"Harry! Harry Lawton! thank God! thank God!" herde from the astonished group while

"Harry! Harry Lawton! thank God! thank God!" broke from the astonished group, while little Johnny capered up to the hearth, and rubbing his hands with delight, cried—"There, take him, Molly! Johnny kinder thought be some him agin. But it is trouble enough I've had with him, running his head into all manner of Tory messes, jest like

a silly partridge into one of Bill's snares. But where's the man with the tassel on his shoul-der? Johnny wants his fiddle."

And trouble enough he had had, according to Harry Lawton's own account; for it was wonderful how the simple-hearted little fellow had succeeded in assisting the young trooper to escape from his prison, and had led him through all sorts of dangers, back to his

He had his fiddle-not only the one prom ised, but the best which could be found in the country; and at the double wedding, which followed shortly after, we doubt if there was a prouder or happier being among the whole gay company than Johnny, when called upon to play a favorite air for the dancers.

Bill Glover led a wandering, lawless sort of life among the Cow-boys of Westchester county, but Johnny went home no more. He spent his short life in wandering from one friend's house to another—the child of the neighborhood, delighting the children and the old peo-ple with his music, but watched over with un-failing tenderness by the Stanforths and Law-tons, whose descendants cherish his memory

## For the National Era ANNIE SCEEPING

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS. Sleep on, dear child and would I too

The gentle trick might borrow-Mocking the while, with sweet reprieve The sure, forthcoming sorrow. But the days pass-and travels on, though slowly The blinding woe my dim eyes see not wholly.

Oh, weary eyes !- how long since sleep Has shed the balsam of its peace In such completeness o'er ye Ye are tired now, and heavy with long weeping, And scarcely know the feel of quiet sleeping

Ah me, but I am dreaming! And dreams are vain, and dreams are wild. And hardly worth the seeming; And life has lessons stern as fate, and sterne And I, of all, have been its saddest learner.

My soul has not attained to?-Teachings of hard, hard wretchedness That I am not ordained to? Has not the Father graciously and kindly Led the whole way, although I followed blindly

Led the whole way, through tears and grief, And wild, heart-breaking anguish-Holding my hand in His or lest The human in me languish—
And bidding me look up through grief and sighing Beyond the earth where earthly hopes lay dying

Shall slumber as benignly; With my hands clasped like yours, my lie Smile-chiseled as divinely: And so I will not envy thy sweet sleeping Knowing for me like rest my God is keeping

DEMOCRACY OF SCIENCE.-No. 13.

A "CENT-AN-OUNCE" system of postage for all matter at all distances would give great

nity.

No other agency but the Post Office is in any measure adequate to the diffusion among all classes, in all places, of the light of science and of the soul. No service capable of being rendered to our citiens by this agency is so high or so pervading as this same diffusion light. It is the only agency fitted for the work, and the highest work within the power of the agency. There is a dignity, a majesty, a sublimity, a glory, in the thought of twenty thousand depositors and agencies for receiving and distributing, among twenty or thirty millions of citizens, members of the same fraternity, light which illuminates the mind and lifts up the

soul to the Source from which it emanated.

A system of postage at once simple, liberal, and enlightened, would be no less effective and powerful in multiplying and invigorating the wheels of business, than in the diffusion of knowledge. It would set in motion thousands and millions of new wheels never contemplated or dreamed of, while it would give greatly-increased energy to the whole machinery of business. Transmitting samples of goods for determining a business transaction, aided by the telegraph for executing it, would add to the economy, the dispatch, and the energy of business operations, to an extent beyond the reach of calculation. In simplicity, uniformity, certainty, and safety, no carrying agency for small soul to the Source from which it emanated

tainty, and safety, no carrying agency for small packages can equal the National Post Office; affording business facilities for which all would cheerfully and gladly pay at higher rates than to Expresses or any other transporting agen-

pounds, \$320 a ton. At that rate—forming an estimate on the ground that the mails on the six or seven thousand routes would average one hundred pounds each passage, three trips a week—the receipts to the Government would be more than thirty millions of dollars a year. Looking at the American Post Office as a business establishment, conducted upon the simple principles of business for carrying freight at one cent an ounce, and what intelligent business man can come to any other result in a calculation, but vast resources?

By railroad conveyance, freight is carried

By railroad conveyance, freight is carried from New York to Cincinnati for one dollar, and one fifty cents, a hundred pounds. Under the proposed plan, the Government would receive sixteen dollars a hundred from New York to Brooklyn, a passage of fifteen minutes; and from each of the twenty thousand post offices to its nearest neighbor, be it ten miles or half a mile.

could be sent by a process simple, direct, and certain, from any place to any place in the

Whether viewed in its mighty and pervading energies for the promotion of knowledge, social relations, general kindly intercourse, patriotism, commercial operations, agricultural and manufacturing interests, or Government re-sources, no intelligent mind, under a full, care-ful, and candid investigation of the subject, can probably come to but one conclusion on the general results of a "CENT-AN-OUNCE" system of postage for all matter safe to be carried, at all distances, except across the Rocky Mountains,

## For the National Era. ELLIE.

BY MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK

From a mendow sloping west, Full of April lambs at play, Came one, whiter than the rest, From its merry mates away

Came beside me, as I dreamed And I marked its lifted eye Had a pleading look, that seemed Full of sad humanity.

As with soft caress I bowed Pitying, toward the lonely one When behind a purple cloud Sank the crimson harvest sun On its neck a wreath I found,

And I knew the roses there, Were the roses that I bound Yestermorn in Ellie's hair Then it vanished; and in haze,

Like an amber-falling dew.

Died the loveliest of days: But I marked with straining view, Passing through the gates of gold That the Sun had left apart The Good Shepherd of the Fold,

With the lamb upon his heart. Trembling-ealling Ellie's name, With a faint and fearful call, Woke I then, as morning's flame Kindled on my chamber wall-

Kindled on the pillow white, Quivered o'er a little head, Where the straying hair was bright, Long and soft, and ringleted. Ellie lay beside me there

And the rose-light, as I gazed. Bathed the dimpled shoulders bare Tinged the velvet cheek upraised. But the soul's sweet curtains drawn,

Stirred not, oped not, as I wept,

And I knew my lamb had gone With the Shepherd while I slept. Ellie's grave is green and gay, But our fields are bare and cold Who would call my lamb away

From the shelter of the Fold? Edinburgh, Ohio.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE, MAINE, &c

"Away down East,"-Anon "Who has not heard of "Down East"-the far-famed land of pumpkins, shingles, slabs, and tall sprouts of the non-descript genus, of

"— whey faced brother, that delights to wear
A weedy flux of ill-conditioned hair,"
was indubitably one? Whence the term came,
we cannot tell. Perhaps the best derivation
is a classical one of recent invention. If we

we' will try to find the whereabouts of this very

Behold us, then, squat upon the summit of a slow coach at the railway terminus in Water-ville, Maine. The burly driver collects his victims, and we immediately disappear in an all matter at all distances would give great progress to the "Democracy of Science," and an immense revenue to the Government. The Post Office is the people's department of the Government; more directly, intimately, and deeply affecting the greatly-varied interests of every citizen than all the other departments united, coming home to the intellectual, social, moral, business, and reciprocal relations of every man, woman, and child, in the community.

No other agency but the Post Office is in any measure adequate to the diffusion among all classes, in all places, of the light of science and distely ensues, but we begin to believe the distely ensues, but we begin to believe the developed ahead. A brisk flagellation immediately ensues, but we begin to believe the mathematical paradox, that the bottom of a wheel never turns. A corpulent gentleman inside promises to get out, if he can so mend matters. At this juncture an ox-team overtakes and passes us, with a load of hay, Our beasts snuff the provoking eder, and forthwith we are borne rapidly along in chase. They continue their speed until the hay is lost to sight under the portals of a hospitable barn, and then resume all their natural languor. Thus we travelled our tedious miles, and a two days' journey, relieved only by occasional re-Thus we travelled our tedious miles, and a two days' journey, relieved only by occasional relays, brought us to the Ultima Thule of the stages. The road impigned directly upon a comfortable house at the foot of a picturesque lake, and there we decided to erect our ne plus treacle sweetens your tea in a tin cup, or each one provides his own butter-knife.

Who cares for the "hewers of wood," the safetation, and the caresses of our "inguestic circles." Mr. Jedediah, "the maid," has pre pared a substantial meal. Sit down to it, or this bit of timber, and be not fastidious it treacle sweetens your tea in a tin cup, or each one provides his own butter-knife.

tains lies.

And like a glass doth show their shapes, and cke ye clouds and skies.

God lays his chambers' beams therein, that all his power may know,

And holdeth in his fist ye winds that else would mar

ye show."—Ascient Tradition.

These quaint lines are said to have been in scribed, two hundred years ago, upon a "piece of birchen bark," at the outlet of Lake Winof birchen bark," at the outlet of Lake Win-nipiseogee. For the entire poem, we refer the reader to that interesting imitation of the an-cient simplicity and freshness of style—"Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal." The granite rock, with its corroded inscription attesting that exploration, still rears itself above the blue waves of the lake. The mountains, and that beautiful

" — mirror where the stars and mountains view The stillness of their aspect in each trace Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue," exhibit no trace of change; but the savage tribes, and the grand old forest, and the prime-val name of that lovely region, have passed away. Around our lake in Maine, however, things still wear a very primitive aspect. It is hardly twenty years since the pioneer settler erected his log cabin on the above, whence accepted the settler are traced to the property of the savage of of the proposed plan, the Government would receive sixteen dollars a hundred from New York to Brooklyn, a passage of fifteen minutes; and from each of the twenty thousand post offices to its nearest neighbor, be it ten miles or half a mile.

Not to speak of the numberless new springs of business, with vastly-increased power to all, in moving commercial operations, it would add

cities is working a channel even into these wilds. Hotels and steamboats, and even a post office, are among the present luxuries of these Northern regions; and the other wonders, and also the follies of the age, are expected soon to follow.

We sailed up the lake on a cloudy morning

The fitful, eddying mists assumed the most fantastic forms, and the weird creations of the frequent gusts called to remembrance the pic tured spectres of the Brocken, that had terrified our childish fancy. At times the murky air blackened the lake, and seemed to mingle wit its inky waters, while the Spirit of Darknes might be seen brooding upon the deep, as over ancient Chaos. Suddenly then a strong blaswould sweep the vapors to the shore, and rolling up the mountains, they would pile Ossa darkly upon Pelion, and augment a hundred darkly upon Pelion, and augment a hundred fold the hugeness which they swathed. But very seldom, if more than once, did the clouds suddenly gape and close again, shedding the pure light of heaven down for a moment upon the troubled scene, which grew ten times blacker and more confused when the radiance

On board our boat, however, a cheerful com pany lent an agreeable contrast to the externa gloom. The steam-whistle occasionally startled the echoes with its piercing shrick, while an old and sooty sheet-iron Indian, that orna-mented the top of the smoke-pipe, bent his bow, and took a determined aim, but vacillated with the tremor of the boat, so that he could

never satisfactorily discharge the shaft.

We passed Mount Kineo—a bold bluff that rises seven hundred feet from the waters of the Lake, and makes you think that one of the "sentinel rocks" of the City of Elms has been securely anchored there. Look long at that neat white house at the base of the cliff, for there shines the last white paint that glistens this side of Canada. Soon we arrive at a structure designated in the brilliant advertise ments as "Railroad Wharf." We have traversed the length of the Lake, and now let us

CHAPTER IV

" dum mula ligatur Tota abit hora."-Hor.

Is this a railroad that I see before me? Ou ideas of this invention are inseparably connect ed with a literal chernin du fer. Express trains, smoke, cinders, dust, din, and forty-miles-an-hour speed, rise up in vision at the name of railroad. But what have we here? Two oxen, driven tandem over a corduroy path—the frame-work of a dirt car, with four iron wheels, and logs withal for the machine to advance upon. The President, Directors, and Company of this road are not known through the announcement of dividends, or the issuing of reports; but such a remarkable monument of their enterprise is a sufficient nomenclator. Before engaging passage, we were so prudent as to inspect our team, and having concluded that for bottom they were unsurpassed, but for speed indifferent, we did not hesitate to walk on the track two miles to a hospitable shanty, which covered us for the night. The express train followed on behind. We have since ascertained that the rate of the without—air. To the mistress of this unique habitation, whose one apartment served for kitchen, sleeping-room, stable, and hall, I said. esitate to walk on the track two miles to a passenger trains is generally one mile and a third per hour. When the conductor stops to third per hour. When the conductor stops to pick blueberries, which grow beside the track, some time is inevitably lost. Freight trains room he takes, after all; for the childer can proceed at a more careful pace. The engines appear to consume but little fuel; perhaps they between his legs, and he niver harming them to judge from the heft of their yokes, they are a stiff-necked generation, and so most probably subsist on petrified corn-stalks and bean-poles

Oh, he was rigged up in his best; His jacket was red, and his breeches were blue. And there was the hole where his tail came through

guilty of patent leather and tight kids. were, however, more outlandishly attired than was need. Expecting to be merged in a forest life from the moment of leaving the cars, we were unprepared even to write a good hand in a hotel register which astonished us at the lake. The misfortune was, that we had mistaken the locale of the jumping-off place. But, remember aright, Herodotus speaks of a remarkable "catabathmus," or descent, somewere on the confines of ancient Egypt. By a singular propriety, then, the term has been transferred to the locality of our pyramids of slabs. Nothing, however, is more difficult to fix than the exact position of this "catabathmus," or, in plain English, jumping-off place. Perhaps the only sure method of going "Away Down East," would be to dive off Cape Race Rock. But if the reader will skip over two our kind mothers had feared lest evil beasts our kind mothers had feared lest evil beasts. should devour us. But had any of us been in dicted for assault, the omission of an iota fron the usually redundant formula of "guns, clubs fists, brickbats, knives," etc., would have quashed the indictment.

"Ye shall dwell in booths."-Lev. xxiii, 42. What a cosy shanty that was, where we stopped the first night. The bed, of hemlock twigs, how soft! The coarse blankets, how warm! and that great, roaring fire, how com-fortable in the damp woods! Up and down is fortable in the damp woods! Up and down is better than the monotonous level; and a few rocks peeping through the turf set off the luxuriant verdure around, and afford a resting-place to the sliding feet. The price of wood does not interfere with our pleasure.

" Bring out great logs, and let them burn, for economy is in her garret at home. The merry fire, as it roars and rushes through the wide hole in the roof, seems a different element

from your sickly blaze that issues from a few

chips at the bottom of a narrow, crooked, half-choked chimney in the city.

This is one depot of the lumbermen of the Maine woods. There are half-a-dozen of them about the door, for it is supper time. Go in like no stranger, and greet them affably, and you shall receive a cordial hospitality, and a sincere though rough courtesy, which would make you at ease, though fresh from the finery, the affectation, and the caresses of our "highest circles." Mr. Jedediah, "the maid," has prepared a substantial meal. Sit down to it, on this bit of timber, and be not fastidious it

men who provide the rough boards for our com-fortable mansions—those very boards so offen-sive to the eye that doats upon smoothness and white paint! Poor Jack, with all his real and imaginary woes, does not work or suffer like the lumberman. They lead the most laborious of lives; but we, who sigh for the sailer when the wind blows, should likewise carry our pocket handkerchiefs when we go to a saw-mill or a hardware store. During half the year the lumbermen remain in the woods, and amid the deepest snows, and in the most intense cold deepest snows, and in the most intense cold they prosecute their laborious duties. In the early spring, when dissolving winter has swelled the icy streams, is the time of their most ardu-ous and unrelaxing efforts. The myriads of logs, felled during the winter, are to be con-ducted down the foaming river to the mills. Now, night and day, continue incessant toil; and, amid ice, water, and scanty food, the lum-berman exhausts his energies—nor is a couch on the wet earth fitted to repair them. What wonder, then, that constitutions are enfeebled and broken down, and a frightful expenditure and broken down, and a frightful expenditure of health made upon the yearly "drive" of logs! Life, also, is dangerously risked, and not seldom is the mess thinned by some terrible accident. They roughly bury the dead by the river side, or on the beach of some lonely lake; a rude slab is carved with the final record of the deceased, and the tide of business rushes on. Parent and friend there is none to lament,

sential birch-bark, and, after our frugal meal

With the clear heavens o'er us for a canopy, else, if we have time, make a slight shelter of boughs; and there, if anywhere, sleep is

sweet. TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

For the National Era.

[COPYRIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO LAW.] GREENWOOD LEAVES FROM OVER THE SEA.

Belfast, September 5, 1852. DEAR DR. BAILEY: On the morning of August 16th, we left Cork for Killarney, by way of Bantry and Glengariff. After a short run on the rail, we took a stage-coach, choosing out-side seats, like enthusiastic tourists as we are, though the day was dark and showery. There was little in the scenery, and less in the condition of the country and people, to repay us for our exposure to wind and weather, until we reached Bantry. I can never forget the forlorn, unmitigated wretchedness of the people who thronged round as at the little town of Dunmanway. Among the crowd appealing to us in all possible variations of the whine mendicious and mendscious, we saw not one man or woman in the national costume and cover-allthe double-caped great-coat and the hooded cloak-all was squalor and tatters, soul-sickening and disgusting. Here was infancy, nude and needy, reaching out its dirty little hands; and second childhood, bent and tottering, with palsied palm extended, eyeing you with all the mute wistfulness of a starved spaniel. There was a full assortment of the halt, the hump-backed, and the crippled—all degrees of sightessness and unsightliness. I turned away from the miserable creatures with a heart heavy with hopeless sympathy and vain pity, and with a conscience stricken for all my own sins of unthankfulness and discontent. And here I may as well pause to remark briefly on the condition and appearance of the peasants in the south of Ireland. Knowing that I could not fairly judge of this class by the idle and ragged crowd who gather round the coach or ear, in the towns and hamlets, I took occasion, luring my stay at Cork, to visit several of the country cottages of the working peasants, in company with one of the landed proprietors. In but one out of six did I find a regular fire-place and chimney; in but one was there a window of glass, and that consisted of a single pane. The others had-with the exception of the door, and a hole in the roof, from which the smoke, after wandering at its own sweet will through the cabin, found its way out-no opening whatever, for light or ventilation. But forget-we did remark a sort of improvised window in one other. In a low, miserable hovel, belonging to a carman, we found a horse occupying full a third of the scant room. and above his manger a small opening had been made through the mud wall, the good man having found that the health of the animal

actually went on their knees to offer up thanksgiving for a few half-pence, which we gave as a onsideration for intruding on their retirement Yet, though living in low, smoky, ill-ventilated cabins-often with mouldering thatches, and always with damp earth-floors, with a pool of stagnant water or a dunghill before the door—though themselves ill fed and but of Southern Ireland are apparently a health-ful and hardy race. You occasionally see fine specimens of manly and childish beauty among them; but a pretty Irish peasant girl we found the rarest of rara-avises. There are some families of Spanish origin about Bantry, and of these we encountered one or two dark-eyed, olive-cheeked beggar boys, who seemed to have leaped out of one of Murillo's pictures. The policemen everywhere are a particularly fine-looking set of fellows—indeed, none but wellmade, tall, and powerful men have any chance of enrolment in this honorable, terror-inspiring, of enrolment in this nonorable, terror-inspiring, omnipresent corps. The professional beggars of Ireland seem a peculiarly hopeless and irredeemable class—not because of the poverty of the country alone, but from their own inherent and inherited idleness and viciousness. They are persistent, pertinacious, sometimes impu-dent, and often quick-witted and amusing. A friend of ours was waylaid by a certain " widdy woman, with an unlimited amount of ragged responsibilities at her heels. On hearing her doleful story, our friend advised the fair mendicant to take refuge in the poor-house. "The poor-house!" she exclaimed, "sure it's moself that keeps the poorest house in all Cork, yer honor." I was amused by an appeal made by an elderly dame to one of our fellow-passengers: "Here's a fine fat gentleman; sure he'll

in horrified amazement, "How is it possible

thing to see hens drying their feathers by the genial peat-glow, and pigs enjoying the pleas-ures of the domestic hearth. In another cabin.

we found two curious old crones, living to

gether, on apparently nothing, who loaded us with blessings in the original tongue, and

give a sixpence to a poor bony body that hasn't broken her fast at all the day." If you wish to take a meditative walk among the hills, the chances are that you will return with a considerable ragged retinue; but the with a considerable ragged retinue; but the larger detachments of this ignoble army of alms-seekers are stationed along the public roads. They make their startling sorties from the most lonely, wild, and inaccessible places; like Roderick Dhu's men, they leap up from "copse and heath"—every rock hides a waiting mendicant, and every tuft of broom stirs as we approach, with a lurking tatterdemalion They leap on your way from behind walls, and drop down upon you from overhanging trees—small foot-pads, or rather paddies, who present palms instead of pistols, and blarney and worry you alike out of pence and patience.

After a day of wet and weary travel, through a melancholy country, we enjoyed to the ut-most the beautiful approach to Bantry, under a clear and sunny sky, and welcomed with en-thusiasm the sight of its lovely and famous bay. But even this bright vision was soon eclipsed by Glengariff, where we spent the night. In all this land, I have seen nothing to compare with the glorious beauty of that place. In all the solemn shadows of its wild loneliness, the dark deeps and frowning heights of its gran-deur, in all the sweet lights of its loveliness, it lives, and must ever live, in my charmed mem-ory; but to picture it in words I dare not at-

After dinner, though a light rain was falling, we took a row around the bay, and remained on the water until the night set in. I think we shall none of us soon forget that row over the smooth and silent bay, in the rain and deepening twilight, under the shadows of mountain and rock. The scene would have been too wild, solemn, and awfully lonely, but for the peculiar wit and story-telling talent of "Jerry," our guide and helmsman. He entertained us with some wonderful legends of a certain Father Shannon, a priest, and a famous character in this region about half a century ago. One anecdote illustrative of the holy man's quick-wittedness, impressed me as an instance of "cuteness" passing the "cuteness" of Yankees. "The good father," says Jerry, "was one day fishing, in his boat, on the bay, when he heard a swarm of bees buzzing about him. Then he begins to rattle with a knife, or spoon, in an iron kettle he had with him in the boat, till he feels that all the bees have settled on his shoulders. Then he slyly shirt, (begging your pardon, ladies!), and he suddenly turns it over his head, bees and all, and puts it into the kettle, which he covers over in a second just, and so he takes the whole swarm to Lord Bantry, and sells them